Carried Away

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Carried Away

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

A simple take on the classic fluff trope: Love at First Sight. What would happen if Will and Hannibal both realized they were meant to be, right when they met?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"*And you understand now why they lost their minds and fought the wars...*" -Taylor Swift, "You Are in Love"

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Will was having an awful day. Even by his own admittedly low standards, this was a particularly bad era.

These days, smothered in a blur of guilt-inducing violent dreams and insights to killers' minds that seemed to hold on too tight, Will felt suitably constricted. He had so many problems, from the headaches to his uncomfortably acute knowledge of the most insane murderers, with a feeling that tasted like envy, to the loneliness and isolation. A veritable buffet of unsavory psychological fare, foisted upon him *every single day.*

Even at work, he was just as isolated. Nobody saw him. Nobody understood. Alana felt sorry for him, when she bothered coming by Quantico to check on him. Yep, Will Graham's not dead yet! But boy, is he unstable. Better keep close tabs. He wanted to scream.

Jack, Jack was one of the worst, his influence *almost fatherly*, almost nurturing, almost a safe haven and source of affirmation. Just close enough to all that without it being true. He condescended to Will, he used Will, and though he did care about Will, appreciated him in his own way, by his own terms, to Jack, Will was a means to an end.

I'm a tool, Will thought wryly, finishing up a lecture and stuffing his notebooks, folders and laptop into a battered messenger bag. He noticed his blazer on the back of his desk chair; it was too hot in there for that, or else he was just *running* really hot again. He balled the jacket up and smushed it into the bag with the rest of his junk. God, he was in a foul mood.

His last *date* called him a tool, right before she left him lying in bed and let the door of his house slam behind her. Will had been trying to hook up with a pretty woman after a date went reasonably well, and in the middle of that he'd phased out into some weird disassociated vision. He came back to himself blinking confusedly with his shirt off and his pants undone, and the sound of "You're a tool," then the slammed door and the dogs barking at the mean lady who disturbed their sleep.

Beverly was his friend, but she couldn't understand his world. Still, her blunt, platonic affection was better than Alana's syrupy fretting and picking at his brain. He hated how it felt, when she kept toying with that dumb crush he was just about done having on her. Zeller and Price were alright. They'd probably believe Will was the Chesapeake Ripper if one shred of evidence connected him to the case.

He spent more time with the goddamn Chesapeake Ripper than anyone these days, even his dogs, even the fish. Speed-walking frustratedly down the hall towards Jack's office, a bizarre thought flitted into his mind, *The Ripper is the only one who really understands me, who could see me.*

God. Maybe Will's brain really would be better off sitting in a jar of formaldehyde in Jack's Evil Minds Exhibit. Will still thought the name of that project sounded like an amusement park ride, jump in to take a trip through killers' minds from the outside! How fascinating, how they can see life in another way your normal brain can never comprehend, how terrible, how disgusting! Take lots of pictures.

He stalked into Jack's office in a huff, dropped his bag on the floor, slumped into the first chair he saw in front of his boss's desk. "Jack."

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Life had become dreadfully dull. Worse, the more Hannibal fought the tide of his own boredom like a determined morning winter swimmer, the greater the surge of his own restless dissatisfaction. He craved change.

But of what nature?

He had anything and everything he could desire at his fingertips. Perhaps he could not turn back the clock on the very few regrets (he never dwelled on regrets) but in every other category, what more could he ask for?

Wealth, success, respect, admiration, a fulfilling and amusing career, two beautiful properties for business and play outfitted to his every wild decor quirk. He could have any attractive prospect(s) between his sheets with barely more than a nod of his head. His many enjoyments of debauched free living, from hedonism, epicurean and sexual, to the frequent indulgence in his hunts (not mutually exclusive from the epicurean, of course), were all available and none of his crimes were remotely detectable.

Yet he was bored. Even now, strolling down the hall of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Quantico facility for a meeting with Agent Jack Crawford, head of the Behavioral Sciences Unit, his amusement at the outright hilarity of his presence: distressingly vague. And the distress was also vague.

He'd awoken early that morning as usual, concerned that the skip had gone out of his merry step of late. No vigor propelled him through his highly organized multitasking, and even his attire for the day was uninspired. Just a plain tan suit, a white button-up, his olive vest. And he had left his hair ungelled, allowed a few locks to land on his forehead, telling himself this reinforced the farce of his approachability. In fact, he dressed halfway like a heathen devoid of style inspiration and left his hair unruly (by his standards) as a dare to the universe to let something amazing occur to him that day, that dull, grey, flavorless day.

Truth be told, he was lonely, and furthermore – it wasn't so much a dare to the universe as a worry ping-ponging between anguished begging and howling demand.

He paused at Agent Crawford's door, composing his oddly disorganized thoughts and feelings, smoothing down his vest. While there, he heard Jack Crawford's familiar and distinct voice, deep and commanding even when employed for simplest investigatory conversation, and the voice of another man who remained for the moment unseen.

This second voice caught his ear. Hand on the doorknob, he hesitated with his head slightly tilted. An accent originating from the American south by his keen ear's evaluation…an annoyed and grumbling tone, downright misanthropist.

Jack was apparently extolling Hannibal's own virtues as a consultant, while Will complained that they had "wasted enough time on overanalyzing evidence."

Hannibal found his reaction to this standard enough dialogue – mildly intriguing at best, since at least it involved himself – baffling. That is, until he entered the room.

When he saw the curly-haired man sitting in front of Jack's desk, he had an abrupt feeling of falling, as if pushed from a plane, his stomach riled by what felt distinctly like metaphorical "butterflies" whose existence he had previously mocked along with the whole existence of "true love" or even monogamy.

His voice...it's so sweet, Hannibal realized, and as the young man continued his grumpy tirade, he listened without announcing himself. He could listen to that voice forever; he'd listen to it reading the dictionary. Manly and decisive, but with a vulnerable longing in his tone. Volatile, quietly so, bottling up some desperate, dark instinct that left him uncomfortably tense. The accent, half-suffocated under an enforced, flat northern inflection, seemed to Hannibal like the most intoxicating secret.

A long, considering inhale revealed the heat of encephalitis, no doubt responsible for some of the boy's physical discomfort.

For indeed, he was a boy, wasn't he? Hannibal smiled without even realizing it, gazing at the mop of disheveled chocolate curls, and when the young man turned his head to look at the murderboard, his perfect jawline was revealed. A pair of glasses that, rather than concealing only drew sharp notice to his brilliant blue-grey-green eyes, undulating with every shift of light lucky enough to land on them through the glare of glasses worn as a mask.

He wished suddenly that he could be the clothes on this boy's body, the glasses he looked through, the coffee cup he kept indecisively fiddling with. Anything to be that close.

The side of his neck, gorgeous. He was Adonis. His profile, despite or even because of the soft stubble upon it (Hannibal's mouth watered to drag his tongue along the prickly texture on that soft skin) (and then do the same to that unfairly tempting neck, pale, strong but tender and somehow expressive of the same aching beauty that defined every nuance he had yet witnessed of the extraordinary boy.

He might well be in his thirties, but this was a boy. The bratty demeanor, effortless and ignored sexiness and rumpled clothes that failed to hide his scrumptious body (when stripped, he would be David, better than Michaelangelo could ever sculpt. His sighs the music to exult Hannibal's soul, because Hannibal would tease him and take his time. Hannibal wanted this boy to moan for him, wanted that firm back *arching*).

With that imperfect and sleepy-seeming posture, Will resembled the portrait of the Wounded Man by Gustave Courbet, and yet Hannibal – even knowing him to be the most exquisite creature who could ever be made to suffer – did not want to stab his heart.

“Dr. Lecter,” Crawford said warmly, but it was an expediency to gaining his assistance and insight into Will Graham (for that, as he belatedly recalled, was the boy’s name, what a perfect name, *Will.* Will Graham)...

“Thanks for joining us. Allow me to introduce my top profiler–”

“Please, Jack,” Will complained, rolling his eyes, turning to give the newcomer a brief nod, giving Hannibal the first, too brief look at his full face.

Hannibal smiled, his face feeling warm, his palms sweating when he put his hand out to meet the boy. “You must be Will Graham. Agent Crawford has told me much of your remarkable–”

“Jack, *please,*” Will groused, “Can we please get back on task before…”

His face shifted. Sitting there in that plain, stiff chair in this drab office which Jack was too busy to make any more pleasant, he’d been a stunning painting washed of color by life’s disappointments. When Hannibal, shaky on his feet, had moved to stand beside him and put his hand down in greeting, Will had barely glanced at him, but when their skin touched, he blushed.

“I…” Will trailed off.

His hand in Hannibal’s larger one felt hot with the fever, and instilled a protective instinct that startled the killer. He smiled at Will, feeling soft, falling. Their touch lingered longer than a handshake between strangers generally did.

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“Do you two know each other from somewhere?” Jack wasn’t that interested; he’d noticed Will’s surprised expression and taken a casual guess, still distracted by his work.

“Do we?” Will murmured. He stared, which he never did, he hated eye contact. Those eyes, those warm brown eyes with hints of maroon, soulful and consuming. Fascinating. Focused only on Will, which was flattering…exciting?

Arousing?

His heart pounded, fast, and he couldn’t seem to pull his hand away from that beautiful, strong one holding it. What a gorgeous smile this man had, more so because this genuine of a smile was rare from him. The feelings he read off the stranger, oh, um, Dr. Lecter (Hannibal. *Hannibal.* Elegant, distinguished, sensuous) seemed to match his own: incomprehensible delight and recognition.

But they had never met, and Will wasn’t gay; he didn’t fall in “love at first sight,” didn’t even know how to date, really. His touch starvation usually made him too shy and overwhelmed to let his hands linger on another. Hannibal smelled like the kind of cologne Will had smelled absent-mindedly on magazine sample ads, the expensive type. It was woodsy, hints of patchouli and vanilla. He wanted to climb into this man’s lap, wild as it sounded. Right on top of those curvy thighs and with his hands pressed to Hannibal’s broad chest.

Was that *chest hair,* barely discernible under the man's unbuttoned collar? Will thought he must be…swooning. He felt like fainting into Dr. Lecter's arms. Fix me, save me, doctor. Hold me in your big strong arms, touch me all over…

What the fuck?

He forced himself finally to break off the handshake.

"No, I thought so at first, but…we don't know each other," Will finished, his voice trembling for some odd reason. His hand slipped from Hannibal's as he felt himself slipping underwater to drown without that touch.

"Understandable misunderstanding," Hannibal ventured. His accent…Will bit back a sigh. What a sexy accent. Foreign, exotic, mysterious. Luxurious. "I'm frequently featured in the local media, between my former accomplishments as a surgeon and my present prominence on the arts scene in Baltimore. Perhaps that's all."

"Get a lot of press?" Will smirked at Hannibal's adorable ego, his bragging. He wanted to bite Hannibal's lower lip and make his polite, silky voice go weak and raspy. "I'm afraid the only coverage I tend to get are Freddie Lounds' bylines claiming I am a psychopath hunting psychopaths."

"Dreadfully rude. But I'm sure you looked quite splendid on the front page."

"Not really. She uses the trashiest, unflattering photos that she likes to take on the sly while I'm trying to do my *job.*" Will picked up his coffee mug, trying not to spill it when he felt Hannibal's eyes locked on his lips, wrapping around it, his mouth working on the sip and swallow.

Will had a very distracting thought tangent about sucking cock, how Hannibal's cock would feel sliding over his tongue to let him taste the flavor, how his lips would feel tightly worshiping that huge dick, (it was a fantasy, and his first one about a guy, so even in the weird panic of it he let himself gild it with the most excessive and unlikely perfections), how Hannibal might gasp and moan and shove it in deeper, grabbing Will's hair to guide both their movements, fuck his mouth. *What?*

"That doesn't matter," Hannibal said low, out of Jack's earshot while the senior agent was going on about the photos pinned to the board. "It would be impossible for you to take a bad picture. I'm certain you still looked lovely."

Will laughed softly, bit his lip. Caught those pretty eyes looking at him like he'd eat Will up, and his face feeling scarlet as a result. He normally despised compliments, which overwhelmed him on the rare occasions they were sincere and not placating, sympathizing. This was different.

"Thank you," he whispered. His foot, of its own volition (well.) shifted slightly towards Hannibal's. He had no idea what he was doing, what they were doing (apparently?) *Oh, God.*

"...Elise Nichols," Jack was saying, as if the other two participants in this meeting weren't about two seconds away from dry humping right in front of him. "Freddie Lounds took some invasive photos at that crime scene as well."

"Tasteless," Will noted, trying to latch back onto the emotion and obligation of the case before he spiraled. He couldn't believe how he felt, but this was obviously not the time and place for it.

Even though Hannibal kept giving him knowing, small glances and naughty smiles of admiration. Will would think he must be looking at someone else that way, but there *was* nobody else, almost no one on the planet but the two of them when their eyes met. Curious and lusty, but with a deeper feeling, too. Stars in their eyes.

"Do you have trouble with taste?" Hannibal asked, the question making Will want to groan as he blushed brighter. The words had gone right to his cock and he shifted his position carefully to try and dispel the danger of getting hard. *Taste.*

What the–

"My thoughts are seldom *tasty.*" His sapphire eyes sparkled at Hannibal. He could fucking feel them *sparkling*, like – was he *flirting?*

With this total stranger, a ten out of ten way out of his league and older than him, and by the way, lest Will forget this part *a man*?

In an olive sweater vest?

They chatted on about their thoughts and dreams, Will's oversensitive perceptions flaring when Hannibal described them, seemingly without being able to help it, and once again as if Jack wasn't even there.

"No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love," Hannibal ventured, his tone laying satin, downright erotic fascination on every word.

He had Will dead to rights, described Will much better than he'd care to describe or recognize himself. He saw right through Will, and it made the younger man shiver.

"Whose profile are you working on?" he asked slyly, pretending the description of his frankly insane mind had been merely amusing.

In fact, however, he blushed and one side of his mouth curved in an irrepressible smile of pleasure at the attention and interest, at being *seen,* not as a museum exhibit or an atrocity. Not as a forgettable tool, in any sense. For himself, seen, understood, valued. Even. Desired.

"Will…" Hannibal seemed to lose the thread of whatever he'd been saying, staring at Will's lips.

Oh, boy. They were going to be in hot water if Jack happened to notice this inappropriate conversation going on subtly under the surface of a now half-forgotten murder investigation.

So Will blurted, making himself seem more irritated, “Jack? Whose profile is he working on?”

“Will, if I’m putting you out there, I have to make sure you’re of sound mind to–”

“Don’t psychoanalyze me,” Will accused, getting into the performance now.

It wasn’t hard, he just acted like he’d always felt before seeing Hannibal, hearing his voice, breathing him in. Annoyed, angry, disappointed and sad.

“I’m sorry, Will. Observing is what we do,” Hannibal replied calmly. His eyes were *twinkling*. “I can’t turn mine off any easier than you can turn yours off.”

No, you just turn me on.

“You won’t like me when I’m psychoanalyzed,” Will added, pointing at each of them in turn. When he pointed at Hannibal, he winked.

For good measure, he slammed his mug down on the desk, earning a look of consternation from Jack, who clearly was buying the act.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me,” he went on as new inspiration struck, “I’m about to go give a lecture. On *psychoanalyzing.*”

In a huff, he exited the office, failing to get his breath back. And what if…

What if things hadn’t been as heightened with confusing sexual and even romantic tension as he’d intuited moments before, when Hannibal’s larger than life, enigmatic and hypnotizing presence anchored him, making it safe to feel that?

He didn’t want to make a fool of himself again. What was he even doing, after all?

Well, he didn’t have to go storming out of the whole building. And he didn’t feel like teaching. Petulantly, he canceled his class with a quick email in the faculty lounge. He needed to wake up from this oddly mesmerizing new fantasy.

A restless check of the coffee machine revealed that they were out of filters, and the only grounds in the can on the counter looked even less viable than usual. He did find some tea in a higher cupboard, and a pretty mug with a floral pattern. Tea would have caffeine. And that would be fine.

Wake up, Will.

***

Hannibal went up and down the hallways of the third floor, looking in various rooms trying to find Will Graham, after reassuring Jack he would do his best to “reason” with the boy. Of course. He’d reason with Will plentifully. On every available surface and wall, in fact. At his earliest convenience.

Finally, he entered a dismal staff "lounge" which more closely resembled a stale purgatory. "Will?" he asked, surprised by the gentle tone of his voice.

He'd expected to sound flirtatious, as he intended, and it was a bit so, but more…tender.

Yearning.

"Hi." Will sat at the small table, carefully working on some project of gluing together a broken object made of porcelain. He looked beguilingly shy and stunning.

"Hello." Hannibal's smile deepened, noting the inviting way Will regarded him. "I hoped I might find you."

"I hoped you'd find me," Will replied. He looked down at his work, slotting the next jagged shard into the place it had broken off from. "That's weird, right?"

"It's fine to be weird, Will. What is that you're doing?"

"Oh?" Will's bashful blue eyes tormented Hannibal by flitting up to his face, as Hannibal sat down beside him instead of across the table.

He folded his nervous hands as Will explained,

"I'm fixing this teacup. I felt kind of bad because it isn't mine and I knocked it over. Broke it."

"You…what?" Hannibal stared, recognizing the teacup as it gradually came back together, an old blue willow specimen, belonging to some other agent or administrative staff.

Repaired carefully by Will's long, skilled fingers despite the fever emanating from his skin and bones to let Hannibal know he must be in constant suffering with headaches, sweating, waking dreams and nightmares.

"Seemed kind of rude to leave it shattered on the floor, Dr. Lecter," Will smiled. "After all, I don't like to be rude, do you?"

"Not one bit. How well-behaved you are, how good."

Will laughed, ducked his head and dared to look again at his companion, under his long, dark lashes.

"A good boy," he purred, nudging his seat a little closer.

"Why- uhhhh, why are you so interested in the teacup?" Will finished the job and put the cap on the superglue. He put the superglue in his messenger bag, indicating he kept a small one on him for odd tasks that might require it.

Hannibal had felt callouses on the boy's perfect hands, workman's hands, rugged. Will was handy and could fix things. He was clever. Knew how things worked, probably liked to take

apart complex devices – car motors perhaps, or boats, and put them back together like that cup.

“Because every now and then I shatter a teacup on purpose. I’m never satisfied when it doesn’t gather itself up again.”

“Well, it’s hard work, gathering oneself up again.” Will leaned closer, resting his face on his hand. He looked like a student rather than a professor, a student with a crush who was gazing at a favorite lecturer. “Sometimes you need a little help.”

“I see that now.” Hannibal licked his lips. Adored Will’s handsome, admiring face and fell even further, having forgotten what gravity or having a ground beneath him even felt like, and not wanting to remember. He knew now, why he had been so bored.

He knew Will was a killer like him, could sense it on the boy despite all the good intentions and the sweetly adorable ways he tried to hide it even from himself. He had been missing a partner all this time, and only now that he found a worthy candidate did he comprehend all of those ridiculous love songs, those disgustingly florid greeting cards, the heart-shaped boxes of chocolates. He understood everything, it seemed, as if he’d been blind till now.

“Dr. Lecter…*Hannibal,*” said Will intently, having taken in every word and every shift of expression on the older man’s face.

The boy dropped his hand onto his knee and leaned even closer. Then he lost his nerve and stood up, pacing the room helplessly.

“Stop that,” Hannibal ordered instinctively.

Will stopped walking so abruptly he almost hurtled over. Arousal poured through Hannibal at the submissive behavior, and a rush of affection came too, a desire to stop Will’s frustration.

“Please,” Hannibal said more softly, “You don’t need to do that with me, Will.”

“What?”

“Hide.”

“Uhhh,” Will shrugged, afraid, as Hannibal could see, to face rejection. Another rejection.

“Who has made you feel so unworthy, sweet boy?” Hannibal clucked his tongue softly.

They stood face to face in this insignificant little room, and he felt it all, fireworks, choirs of angels. Every cliche made real, vividly immense.

“I don’t usually try to…it doesn’t usually tend to go very well, but…” Will stepped close to Hannibal and let his fingers gently brush against the therapist’s, barely a whisper of contact that made Hannibal feel countless more of those butterflies, every fiber of his being was dying to hold Will in his arms, and so much more.

“It doesn’t go well.” Will’s voice was a whisper now. His cheeks burning. His curls were sweaty, and he smelled intoxicatingly frightened and aroused, feverish. “But do you feel this?” He brushed their hands together again and swallowed hard.

“Yes, I feel it.” Hannibal reached up to gently cup the boy’s cheek, and as he’d longed to since meeting him, finally he allowed his thumb to trace those gorgeous features, his pretty ears, his soft skin and rough stubble, the shape of his face. “And this?”

“I…feel so much. I can feel it in my bones, like…if we’re not together, I’ll die. And I know how insane that sounds. I’m sorry–”

Hannibal crushed their mouths together with a moan of relief and desire. He wrapped his arms around Will’s body and held him tightly, dominating the kiss as Will melted into it. “Oh, god,” Will sighed, “Do that again.”

Hannibal smiled and moved his hand from Will’s back up to his hair, gently pulling it as he pressed their mouths together again. Shyly, Will opened to him, and Hannibal slid their tongues into a wet, warm duet, tasting mint and tea on the boy’s breath, feeling himself out of control for the first time he could recall since childhood.

He wanted Will like a child seeks attention. He wouldn’t have cared if the attention was positive or negative as long as Will looked at him and gave him his time, his interest. He was spellbound to have his attraction and feelings requited as their bodies moved sensuously together, Will’s fingers testing the fabric of his tan jacket with its smooth, well-made material and Hannibal smiling as he laid a few more sweet and teasing kisses on those delicious lips, feeling the rough, cheap fabric on Will’s body.

Opposites attract, but the opposite part was in many ways surface level.

“I’ve never kissed a guy,” Will confided, voice bruised with emotion. Every sensation of their kisses had made him wildly overwhelmed but addicted.

“You might have fooled me, beautiful boy.” Hannibal contentedly held them together like glue. He had his hands right where they seemed to belong, for now, on Will’s slender waist, slightly squeezing. His eyes raked adoringly over Will’s angelic features. “You amaze me.”

“Oh, Jesus, I love your voice,” Will confessed, leaning up for another kiss, grabbing haphazardly at the back of Hannibal’s jacket.

“Will?” Jack’s voice in the hall, booming, authoritative. The two men jerked back from each other, then their gazes collided and they both downright giggled.

Will bit his lip, gave Hannibal a smoldering look and went to the door, poking out into the hall to briefly chat with Jack.

“What is it? Why are you –”

“We got another lead, and we’re heading out *now,*” Jack ordered. Hannibal did not care for his tone.

He treated Will like a broken toy that still had enough tricks to make it worth keeping around. He did not mean to treat Will that way. But Hannibal found he still couldn't forgive it.

"I kind of need to rest, I've been feeling…" Will started to say.

"Move, Will. We need to leave. Five minutes ago. I'll see you in the car."

Will nodded and closed the door. "I don't want to go. I want to be with you."

"Yes." Hannibal went to him in a hurry and swept him up in a warm embrace. "I need you. I don't think you're happy here in this life. This place."

"I hate it." Will put his face against Hannibal's chest and burst into tears. "I'm miserable. The idea of going on another one of these cases makes me nauseous. I don't *want* this anymore."

He looked up at Hannibal, who stroked his hair with an affirming smile, simply listening, letting him rant if he needed to. Understanding. Loving.

"I want this," Will sighed, kissing him with tear-glazed lips, "And this." Again, as Hannibal murmured his name and let his fingers clutch Will's low back.

They could not do this here, they would be interrupted again, and that was the least of their problems.

Hannibal reflected on their situation for only a few beats before proposing, "Run away with me, Will."

"What?" Will gazed at him with wonderstruck eyes, leaning on Hannibal's strength.

"We'll leave right now and never come back. I have nothing here that I care about. One project I have in motion, I can simply set up to be placed into play earlier. The result will be the same."

He had remembered that Miriam must be released to start the framing of Chilton and make suspicion of his own identity as the Ripper the last thing on anyone's mind. Yes, this made even more sense now. Jack would be totally absorbed in Miriam's tragic ordeal and revenge on the wrong person.

Will's disappearance would not be a matter Jack could spend any time looking into, and perhaps eventually it would be an afterthought. The eccentric non-official agent who up and left one day, nobody knew why except he must have had enough. Jack might feel bad, Hannibal liked that, too. He might think he pushed Will too far, because he had.

But Hannibal would take care of Will from now on.

"Where would we go?" Will asked, searching Hannibal's face, noting how sincere he was, from the bottom of his previously black and vacant heart.

He placed Will's hand over his thumping heartbeat. "Anywhere. You can point at a map. You can point at a map with your eyes closed, or else ask me to take you somewhere you always

wanted to see but have never been to. Say the words, and it's yours, Will."

Will let the offer sink in. His phone buzzed in his pocket. Jack. Yelling at him for not being in the car. They should have been on their way by then.

He looked very seriously at the phone, then walked to the sink. He put the phone in the sink, then scanned the room before noticing a hammer on top of the fridge. Repairs had just been done to a leaky pipe behind the refrigerator, and the hammer left behind accidentally.

Will grabbed it and smashed his phone to pieces with a single blow. He smiled down at the smithereens of responsibility and guilt. Hannibal came up behind him and looped his arms around Will, palms pressed to his torso feeling his body, Will sighing and warm as he leaned back into the hug and caresses. Hannibal put his face playfully in the nook of Will's neck and shoulder.

"I'll take that as a yes?"

"I have dogs," Will explained. He turned his face slightly as Hannibal kissed him, soft and slow.

Hannibal chuckled. "That's fine."

"We have to bring them."

"Very well. Whatever you want."

"There are seven of them," Will admitted, threading his fingers through the older man's hair, encouraging the kisses on his neck that soon followed.

"Mmm. Perhaps you'd like a few more. We'll go somewhere with wide open places. You'll never be trapped again. Except with me."

Will grinned. It was nuts, every bit of it, but he didn't care. He turned around, hopped right up into Hannibal's arms and the therapist easily held him up, Will's arms and legs wrapped around him, more kisses eagerly exchanged. Hannibal walked Will to the counter and sat him on it. "This is no place," he chided insincerely.

"You're right," Will mused, brow knitted, hands placed on Hannibal's shirt, playing with the buttons, pulling at the fabric. As if to say, *mine,* and he was correct. "This is no place. I'm nobody here. And with you, I'm *me.* Electrically me."

"My hopes are high, Will – what are you saying?" He needed to hear it.

"I'm saying yes, Hannibal Lecter, I'll run away with you. So what are we waiting for?"

End Notes

notes: there's a brief reference to Tori Kelly's song "coffee" in this fic, as well as "liability" by Lorde.

I'm sure that Hannibal will bring Will to get *real* help for the encephalitis, as the first step of their new life together.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!